

THE  
**PHOENIX**



**WOLSINGHAM  
SECONDARY  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE**  
JULY 1974

# phœnix

The Magazine of Wolsingham Secondary School

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Malcolm Dewell

Linda Melody  
Sheila Coatsworth



## EDITORIAL

ANOTHER school year has ended and the time for *The Phoenix* to rise up again has come.

We have been most pleased to receive numerous contributions for inclusion in this year's magazine; we wish that we had had sufficient space to print them all. Those which have been selected, together with the many reports from clubs and societies, show that our school has a life full of vigour and enthusiasm.

Our thanks are offered to the Lower Sixth English and Art groups for their invaluable assistance and to Mr. Boynes for his help and guidance.

## TEACHING STAFF Summer Term 1974

Mr. D. Barker . . . . .	<i>Headmaster</i>
Mr. F. Buckle . . . . .	<i>Deputy Headmaster</i>
Mrs. J. Fletcher . . . . .	<i>Senior Mistress</i>
Mr. W. Smith . . . . .	<i>Senior Master (Lower School)</i>
Miss C. Laidlow . . . . .	<i>Senior Mistress (Lower School)</i>
*Mrs. A. Allen— <i>English, Crafts</i>	*Mr. M. Jones— <i>Music</i>
Mrs. E. Bell— <i>Biology</i>	Mr. S. Kell— <i>Mathematics, Accounts</i>
Mr. J. Bolam— <i>Gen. Subjects, Science</i>	Mr. T. Lay— <i>Business Studies</i>
*Mr. W. Boynes— <i>English</i>	*Mr. J. W. Lee— <i>Biology</i>
Mrs. J. Bozonet— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>	Mr. T. Lewis— <i>Metalwork</i>
Mr. G. Brelsford— <i>Rural Studies</i>	Mrs. A. May— <i>English</i>
*Mrs. L. Buckle— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>	Miss J. Mellars— <i>Biology, Gen. Studies</i>
*Mr. K. Charlton— <i>Art</i>	*Mr. J. Mellor— <i>R.I.</i>
Mrs. S. Charlton— <i>History</i>	Mr. T. C. Musgrave— <i>Physics</i>
Mr. L. Dawson— <i>C.S.E.</i>	*Mr. R. Padfield— <i>History</i>
Miss N. Dawson— <i>Gen. Subjects</i>	Mrs. A. Patterson— <i>English</i>
*Miss M. Defty— <i>Mathematics</i>	*Mr. R. G. Potter— <i>Chemistry</i>
Mr. C. Donaghy— <i>Co-ordinator R.O.S.L.A.</i>	Mrs. S. Rhodes— <i>Mathematics</i>
Mr. A. Draper— <i>Music</i>	Mr. I. Robley— <i>Chemistry</i>
Miss F. Errington— <i>Art</i>	Mr. M. P. Rossall— <i>Geography</i>
Mr. M. Farrey— <i>Boys' P.E.</i>	Miss R. Setz— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>
Mrs. M. Forster— <i>English, Crafts</i>	*Mr. K. J. Shilcock— <i>Classics</i>
*Miss S. Gill— <i>Home Economics</i>	Miss K. Simpson— <i>French</i>
*Mr. S. Hall— <i>French</i>	*Mr. J. Smith— <i>German</i>
*Mr. J. Heatherington— <i>Boys' P.E.</i>	Mr. M. Smith— <i>Science</i>
Mr. J. Heffernan— <i>Latin, Maths.</i>	*Mr. A. Turnbull— <i>Physics</i>
*Mr. C. S. Henderson— <i>Geography</i>	*Mr. G. Turner— <i>Tech. Subjects, Careers</i>
Mrs. J. Heron— <i>Home Economics</i>	Mrs. C. Vickers— <i>Home Economics</i>
Mrs. P. Holden— <i>Remedial</i>	Mr. W. Walker— <i>Tech. Subjects</i>
Miss H. Jameson— <i>General Subjects</i>	Mr. K. Walters— <i>English</i>
	Miss M. Whinn— <i>Geography, Maths.</i>

\* *Head of Department*

## CLERICAL STAFF

Miss C. Reed      Mrs. S. Hutchinson      Mrs. J. Brough

## PREFECTS 1973/74

### Girls

<i>Head Girl:</i> Hilary Stubbs
<i>Dep. Head Girl:</i> Christine Turnbull
Dorothy Emerson Judith Mallaby
Susan Stevens Christine Peart
Ann Adamson Alyson Potts
Linda Crosby Gillian Sewell
Carol Hagar Kathleen Thompson
Susan Hopkins Maureen Wise
Elizabeth Howson Lynn Martindale
Ann Liivand Judith Tait

### Boys

<i>Head Boy:</i> Jeffrey Farish
<i>Dep. Head Boy:</i> David Summers
Maurice Hogarth Philip Murrie
Stephen Holliday Brian Pears
Colin Craggs Ian Glew
Kenneth Foxcroft Stephen Manifold
Peter Lane Jeffrey Bainbridge

## **HEADMASTER**

IT has been a difficult year for obtaining improvements in the school's resources. The price of books and equipment has not escaped the dreaded inflation, and I can see little change in this respect during the coming year. Contrary to popular belief however, we have not yet had to accept soya bean "meat" for school dinner. Pupils and parents will be informed beforehand if this economy does become necessary.

The most memorable incident for me this school year occurred during the Annual General Meeting of the School Parent-Teacher Association. The Senior Hall was filled with parents protesting at what was considered to be an ill-thoughtout scheme for Secondary School re-organization in the area. It was obvious to all present that the school was held in high regard and that parents and teachers were anxious to see that if changes were to be made to the school then they would be for the better and not lead to a deterioration in educational opportunities. Of course, attending a school with a good reputation has obvious advantages for you, but it also brings with it responsibilities—good examination results have to be worked for, and extra effort needs to be made to see that high standards of behaviour and appearance are maintained.



## SOCIETY AND ACADEMIC NEWS

In September, 1973 we welcomed to the staff four new members: Miss Simpson as successor to Mrs. Williams in the French Department, Mr. Kell to help with Maths and Commerce, Mr. Walters with English and P.E. and Mrs. Allen for Remedial work and Craft.

After absence due to injuries sustained in the coach accident, Mrs. Vickers was able to resume her duties in September, and later, at the beginning of the Summer term, Mrs. Buckle returned.

At Easter we said goodbye to Mrs. Beveridge who did so much to restore the calm immediately following the accident and during the months that followed. In July, Miss Whinn will be leaving us to take up a post at the Church High School in Sunderland and Mr. Michael Smith at the Enfield Secondary School, Surrey. They take with them our best wishes for the future.

We should like also to congratulate Mr. Michael Smith on his marriage and Mr. and Mrs. James Smith on the birth of their daughter. We have the following news of former students:

Christine Peart (1967-73) was awarded a Dental Scholarship by General Dental Council on the results of the 'A' level examination.

*... and of present students:*

Firstly the Head boy and Head girl who have both gained distinction for themselves and the school:

Jeffrey Farish who has been awarded a Royal Air Force university studentship, and Hilary Stubbs who has gained entrance to Girton College, Cambridge.

David Frame of the fourth year, who during the season played in representative soccer matches for Durham County Schools XI against Derby and Yorkshire and along with Ian Seymour and Craig Sewell of the fourth year and Brian Fowler of the third year played Bishop Auckland District Schools XI and won the County Cup presented by Sunderland Children's Hospitals.

As a result of a school appeal, £103.81 was sent to the National Children's Home (Sunny Smiles).

The Junior School Record Club sent a cheque for £7.50 to the Percy Hedley School for Spastics, Newcastle.

Julie Myers of the first form won two awards in the Consett Musical Festival in Sorzano class for under thirteen year olds and under fifteen year olds.

**MR. ALAN BEWLEY**

*Woodwork Master in the Lower School (1958-74)*

With regret we record the death of Mr. Bewley after a long and painful illness, which he bore with cheerful courage. He will be sadly missed by colleagues and pupils.

**MR. GEORGE NEWTON**

*Caretaker (retired)*

The school was saddened to hear of the death of Mr. Newton after a short but well-earned retirement.



## **SCRAPBOOK 1973/74**

ONCE again it is my lot to be the Autolycus of Wolsingham Secondary School—in one sense only, I hope, i.e. the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" of the school year.

The hopes of all those who prefer holidays to schooldays were once more frustrated by the winter weather, in that only one day was lost through snow. The mildness of the winter also enabled the caretaker to conserve enough fuel to keep the central heating ticking over despite the difficulties of the oil crisis. Hopes were raised once or twice with rumours of 'only two or three days' supply left', but, inevitably it seemed, the tanker appeared in the nick of time.

It may be interesting to note that on the one day the school was closed some staff met the 'buses going home, and one arrived slightly late because the treads of his 'wellies' had worn rather smooth.

The continuing saga of the swimming pool has almost reached its climax after 16 years in the making. Does this qualify for the Guiness Book of Records? The hole in the ground is now covered with an attractive structure, the pool itself is *in situ*, and activity within moves apace—at least in comparison with earlier years. Even this advance has not been without its vicissitudes. Workmen were observed digging various holes in the school grounds, and it transpired that they were searching for the gas main. As Wolsingham's supply was terminated many years ago it is not surprising that they sought in vain. Problems were also encountered with the water supply—no one seemed to know where that main was either, though clearly one had to exist. It was at this point that the two major projects of the year became linked.

The car park in front of the school was finally extended, incidentally providing the groundstaff with additional employment. Shortly after completion a hole appeared in the surface at the southern edge, providing one member of staff with a parking guide almost as good as white lines would have been. In due course of time a repair was effected, only to be removed by the seekers of water—the main had been found! Partial infilling has been achieved at the time of writing.

During the Spring term the senior members of the Physics staff both tried to prove some of the theories which they propound by practical experiment on Harperley Banks. I refer, of course, to those laws concerning moving forces meeting immovable objects. At least Mr. Musgrave discovered that it is cheaper to be the immovable object.

While on the subject of motor vehicles it may be worthy of note that a certain member of staff had her annual altercation in the car park, slight damage resulting. It also seems dangerous to park below Room 3-3c belong to the anti-car brigade.

The perennial complaints about the school staircases may be somewhat muted in the future following the B.B.C. television programme on heart disease, though any member of staff who still cavils at being timetabled on the top floor may follow the example set this year of spraining an ankle in the course of duty. This apparently entitles one to have one's lessons in lower floor classrooms, so we now await a spate of minor accidents.

Such calamities normally occur when the staff rashly agree to take part in athletic activities. This year we have had our full quota of events, including rounder, cricket, hockey, basket-ball and table tennis. The rounders match was distinguished by the 'sartorial elegance' of the staff teams rainwear, and the fact that they actually won against a senior rather than a junior team. Have they discovered the secret of eternal youth? The highlight of the game was probably when Mrs. Charlton made a brilliant catch by allowing the ball to 'lodge' in her, (or rather Mr. Draper's), voluminous raincoat. The hockey match was another 'walkover' for the staff, despite being restricted to the correct complement of players. Mr. Hall had a tale of woe in the Table Tennis Tournament, in that he was disqualified and reinstated twice, before finally bowing out of the competition on doctor's orders.

A new sport has been added to the curriculum this year—golf. This has meant intense activity in the preparation of bunkers and greens, and I suspect that some people wish the game had never been invented, after being press-ganged into service as green-keepers. It reminds me of the 'roller gang' for the cricket field of my own schooldays.

This year's Sports Day began promisingly in terms of the weather, deteriorated in mid-morning, and finally improved enough to make the afternoon pleasant. This was, at least, an advance on the previous year's debacle, and it must be hoped that next year may follow this trend. The organisation was up to the usual high standard, and the programme was completed with time to spare.

According to some delivery men the all-age school has been reintroduced. They have developed the irritating habit of leaving parcels for the Wolsingham County Junior Mixed and Infants along with those intended for us on our doorstep. We suspect that this practice makes for a longer tea break, but it is one which we, and I am sure Mr. Bee, deplore.

As chronicled elsewhere in the magazine, there was a visit to Champéry in Switzerland during the summer of 1973. As is usual after such trips a meeting was held to show films, slides and photographs. The Kodak strike delayed this considerably, but it was finally held in March this year. Some of the film sequences provoked considerable hilarity, especially those where the staff were indulging in unaccustomed exercise, but they certainly gave a pleasant reminder of a very successful sortie overseas. It is, I feel, only right to state that our landlady congratulated us on being the most delightful and best behaved party that she had accommodated.

As staff numbers increase, the men's staffroom more and more resembles a sardine tin. It is, therefore, with considerable pleasure that I can report the possible annexation of the corridor behind to provide us with much-needed elbowroom. The cynics among us will, of course, only believe the rumour when we see it, but we can at least be optimistic. At least one improvement has been made—a kind fairy has taken pity on us and washed our net curtains, though they will probably need doing again before any extension materialises.

1973-74 was the year when the school choir really came into its own. They, along with the Esh Winning Colliery Band, provided an excellent concert during the Autumn term, and at Christmas they went carol singing, serenaded the staff, and as usual led the Carol service in the Parish Church. Their efforts at Christmas raised £10 which was sent to the Magpie television (not at St. James' Park) appeal. On that rather pleasing note I shall conclude this trivial account.

*M. Rossall.*

BEFORE I arrived in Wolsingham to teach at the Secondary School my impressions of Weardale had been formed in childhood from Sunday trips in the family car. I therefore thought I was going to one of the remotest outposts of the county. After a short time, however, I realised that life can be more civilised in the country than in the town and that it proceeds at a much more sensible pace. Added to this, there is the truly beautiful scenery which I am sure must influence, for the better, the character of the people. I have lived in many parts of the North East but have rarely encountered such genuine friendliness and good humour. The inhabitants of Wolsingham have a pride in their village—or 'town', as they call it—and a sense of belonging. After three years I find I am beginning to think of it as home too.

I know I have gained much from actually living in the dale and am pleased that I will not need to break my ties with the area when I take up my new post in Sunderland. I will, however, become a weekend commuter.

One of my regrets is that I probably will not see the long-awaited grand opening of the swimming pool. I remember it began as a very small wooden hut at the bottom of the school field. One member of 4C asked me what it was and I discreetly said it was the start of the swimming pool. "It's rather small, Miss," he said, "but never mind, it's probably very deep." Incidents like this have helped to make life at Wolsingham Secondary School at times amusing, as well as happy and satisfying.

Finally, I would like to offer both the staff and pupils my most sincere best wishes for the future.

*Marjorie Whinn.*

At the end of this term we will see the departure of Miss Whinn, who, for the past three years, has taught Geography and Maths in the junior and senior departments. Her absence, I am sure, will be felt by staff and pupils alike, and certainly the Geography department will lose that glamour which her presence ensured. I should, however, like on behalf of the school to wish Miss Whinn all the future success and happiness that she so surely deserves in her new post at Sunderland.

*Frances A. Johnson, L.V.I.M.S.*



## **WHAT ! NO GREEN HEAP?**

SAYING goodbye to Wolsingham School is not easy after seven years because colleagues and pupils are friends and because I shall be leaving Durham which has been my home for most of the last sixteen years.

No doubt new pupils will become accustomed to my eccentricities and perhaps past pupils will remember them and have learned more than science as a result !

No longer will "the green heap" send young gentlemen scuttling into the playground ! No more will "Egyptian bovver boots" quietly stalk round the Lower School ! Gone the urgent need to get out of school when a stentorian voice counts down for "volunteers" ! Missing the smile and other facial contortion ! No need to plug ears at the sound of my music . . . !

"Those were the days, my friends". I shall keep you in mind and have many memories and hope to visit you or keep in touch, but I look forward to a new era and a new teaching post.

As a co-opted member of the R.I. department I'll say goodbye and mean it. (Look *that* up !)

*M. J. B. Smith.*

AT the end of this academic year we say farewell to Mr. M. Smith. We sincerely hope that he has enjoyed teaching here and we wish to thank him for his work as science master. The help that he has given us is greatly appreciated. We wish him the best of luck and success in the future.

*Ann Stobbs for 5D,  
Brenda Harrison for 4D.*

## **SWITZERLAND 1973**

DESPITE the problems of inflation which at one stage threatened to engulf the project, a party of 33 pupils and 4 staff eventually set forth very early one Wednesday morning in August bound for Champéry in South West Switzerland.

The usual tour of South West Durham completed—not without some alarums, for we almost forgot to collect Paul Robinson—we ventured south along an extremely foggy A1 and M1 towards London and Gatwick. By mid-morning the weather was perfect, and we had a smooth flight to Basle in the afternoon. From thence by train across Switzerland to Lausanne on Lake Geneva and eventually in pitch darkness to Champéry at 9.0 p.m. (2100 hours).

The lighted village street looked promisingly different—typical chalets of the tourist photographs, but we had to wait till morning to appreciate the beauty and grandeur of the valley in which we were to spend six days. Though we had spent about 20 hours travelling the previous day, almost all the party was up with the proverbial lark to stare in awe at the towering Dents du Midi, and the sports facilities, etc. which Champéry provides.

Few people spoke English, and so a large number of us were to have what was probably our most intensive course in oral French—Mr. Hall please note.

The main aim of the first day was to find our bearings, and the more 'energetic' members opted to go on a walk down to the valley floor and back. This is known as the 'Parcours', and at intervals along it there are signs instructing one to perform a variety of exercises, some with apparatus—some without. The sight of Messrs. Musgrave and Rossall carrying out some of these caused considerable hilarity.

There were many other scenic walks, such as that along 'The Galleries',—a ledge across a cliff-face on the far side of the valley. Half the group also elected to walk down from Planachaux, 3000 ft. above the village, after riding up in the cable-car. They encountered the only rain of the holiday, and also, it seems, tried some cattle rustling—bell included.

In the evenings, three discos were open in the village, though only one seemed to meet with general approval.

The staff also seemed to fix on one hostelry for their daily single nightcap—a place somewhat unimaginatively named Le Pub.

A large portion of the holiday was centred on the swimming pool as a glance at a large proportion of photographs taken would prove, but we did have two major excursions—one to Geneva and the other to Chamonix.

Geneva was beautiful on a shimmering hot day, with the jet d'eau dominating the harbour as it does the opening shots of 'The Champions' on T.V. It also provided a welcome coolness as its spray fanned out over the jetty. Many of us consumed our packed lunches in the shade of the English Gardens, though I suspect that the swans on the lake benefited almost as much as we did. Some took boats out on the lake in the afternoon, while several more adventurous pupils made a two mile trek to the Palais des Nations, which ended in a two mile run back to the bus. We returned to Champéry via the north side of the lake, with a brief stop at Montreux, where some availed themselves of the cooling effect of the lake.

The second outing took us through magnificent Alpine scenery into France. En route through the terraced vineyards we saw the valley leading to the St. Bernard Pass before reaching the Col de Forclaz, and then crossing the border into France. On reaching Chamonix there was a rush on the bank, where some could only manage to get French francs for their travellers' cheques. Having to spend this in one day was not such a problem as a trip to the Mer de Glace was exorbitant, though in other ways highly rewarding.

Our bus was an ex-Swiss postal coach, and we were intrigued to note that it had a right-hand drive—apparently for easier judgement of the edge of the road on the narrow Alpine passes. The driver was very cheerful, and though he spoke no English we managed to communicate quite well.

The days flew by, and soon it was time to depart. The proprietress seemed as sorry to see us go, as we were to leave, and she expressed her appreciation of our good behaviour in a concrete manner by providing a free bottle of the local wine or mineral water for each table on the last night. We bade Champéry farewell and set off down the valley for the last time, the first leg of a tiring but happy journey home.



## **ANOTHER HONOUR FOR WGS OLD STUDENTS**

HARRY BEEVERS, one of the remarkable family of biologists brought up at West Black Dene, near Wearhead, and educated at Wolsingham Grammar School some 20 to 30 years ago, has been awarded the honorary degree of 'Doctor of Science'. This is in recognition of his distinguished contribution to Botany.

We take great pleasure in reproducing the text of the speech made by the Public Orator on the occasion of the recent degree ceremony at the University of Newcastle . . .

### **HARRY BEEVERS, D.Sc.**

Mr. Chancellor,

Shoppers in Newcastle's Haymarket in 1946 might from time to time have seen standing with them in the greengrocer's queue a certain slim, intellectual-looking young man buying potatoes and cabbages. They would have had no inkling of the strange cooking to which he was to subject his purchases. They might have been scandalised if they had: for sober accounts of the matter record that he stewed them up with large quantities of alcohol. If they had had *more* than an inkling, however, they would have known that this was Harry Beevers, one of Professor Meirion Thomas's research students at King's College; and that he was engaged on closing definitively—though a mere student—certain blind alleys in the study of plant germination and growth.

The young man was himself something of a phenomenon in germination and growth. He was one of a family of six brothers and sisters, born and bred in Upper Weardale, all of whom led brilliant careers in pure or applied science. Harry Beevers chose his own science, botany, young: under the joint stimulus of the Pennine Moors and a biology master at Wolsingham Grammar School. In 1941 he went on to King's where—in the interstices of acting as fire-patrol on the towers of this building—he got his family's usual degree, a First, and subsequently his Ph.D.

The North-East then paid the forfeit paid by most proud parents: it had to forego the company of its offspring. Professor W. O. James's Oxford research group on medicinal plants was one of botany's major expansion areas after the war, and Harry Beevers joined it. But he did not stop there: for in 1951 he was the victim of an international plot. He was invited to lecture in Purdue University, Indiana. Once he was there, the Americans would not let him go. He is now in firm and established captivity as Professor

of Biology at the University of California in Santa Cruz; as a leading member (and ex-President) of the American Association of Plant Physiologists; and as the inspiring supervisor and colleague of many young researchers, including some he has welcomed there from Newcastle.

Like a seed which flies from its tree and becomes a giant in a far forest, Harry Beevers has, by flying from us, spread and enriched the species *Herbarius Novocastrensis*. He has enriched his science, on the other hand, by staying intellectually at home. Not only has he stuck to the green plants of his youth, resisting the methodological temptations of microbiology; even within the sphere of green plants his interests may be traced back to the preoccupations of the boy in Weardale. One interest is plant respiration; a subject whose importance to all of us grows as the world's green belts get smaller, and on which Harry Beevers has written the standard text-book. Must not this subject have been the first to force itself on the mind of the young botanist, contrasting the stuffy lead mines the menfolk of his youth worked in, with the windswept moors above them? As for Harry Beevers' other main interest—that with which his name will probably be most readily associated in the future—mere rudimentary psychology is needed to see that it stems from childhood experience. It concerns—by an inversion of the phenomenon most of us study in middle age—the conversion of fat into carbohydrate, in seeds. It has made the boy from Weardale into the world's first authority on castor oil.

Rousseau and Goethe both, at some time in their lives, claimed that their true vocation would have been as botanists. A reciprocal nostalgia can be found in Harry Beevers, for the arts of word and voice. His power to entertain as he instructs has turned his castor oil into orange juice for the young who have to digest it. Nor only for the young. In Australia recently, a grave International Symposium on Photosynthesis ended, like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, by breaking into song. The delegates not privy to Harry Beevers' plot (for it was his) were astonished; but they were also edified, since the words of the song precisely and metrically summarised the state of knowledge on the subject they had met to discuss.

Mr. Chancellor, I present to you Harry Beevers, botanist, and ask you to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa*.

## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

In spite of a limited programme the society has enjoyed a very successful year. As usual the first meeting was a Balloon Debate. A total of seven members took part, with the parachutes being awarded to God (Miss A. Liivand), and the Devil (Mr. A. Milne). Those who were not so fortunate were A Tree (Miss S. Hopkins), a member of the I.R.A. (Miss B. Murrie), Hitler (Mr. S. Bell), the Woman from Whitehall (Miss D. Emerson), and Mr. A. J. P. Taylor (Mr. R. Bruce). Both Miss Hopkins and Miss Murrie made excellent maiden speeches.

The motion for the next debate was "This house believes in the supernatural". All four lady speakers were speaking from the platform for the first time. Miss O. Robson and Miss Anne Forser were the proposition and Miss A. Smith and Miss C. Robson formed the opposition. The motion was carried by a narrow margin of votes. All those who were sceptical may have been influenced by the weird stories of Miss D. Emerson who very obviously possesses a psychic awareness and an ability to make the flesh creep.

Our next topic was conscription. Mr. N. Boakes, an army officer of the future, and Mr. W. Boynes, our veteran soldier, both very determinedly supporting conscription, defeated a most competent opposition, in the formidable Mr. D. Summers and Mr. G. Glew. The subsequent debate on the floor of the house was heated, though not acrimonious.

The final meeting was concerned with the topic of "This house would support a Communist Revolution". Mr. A. Milne gave us an exhaustive rendering of what he was pleased to call "The Communist Manifesto". Nevertheless, he and his supporter, Mr. R. Bruce, were decisively defeated by Miss S. Hopkins and Mr. J. Farish. This was the first meeting to be held in the comfort of the Sixth Form Common Room, a new venue which proved very successful.

The traditional Annual Dinner concluded the year's programme. After-dinner speakers were excellent; Miss I. Watson, whom we were delighted to have back at school as our Guest of Honour; Mr. Barker, our president; and Mr. Padfield, one of our vice-presidents, all made exceptionally entertaining speeches. Our thanks, as always, go to Mrs. Heron for her very fine meal, to her assistants, and again to Mr. Charlton and his helpers for the menu cards.

I should also like to thank Mr. Boynes, without whom the Society would grind to a halt; this year's Chairmen; the Art department for the posters; and our treasurer Mr. D. Summers. Finally, I wish the Society every success in future years.

*Elizabeth Howson, U.V.I.M.S.  
Hon. Secretary.*

## THE BATTS—TO GRAMMAR SCHOOL

*The following extract from the Wolsingham Halmote Court Book is of interest. It is dated 14th Oct., 10 Jac., 1st March, 1611.*

To this Court came William Greenwell of the City of London, Merchant Tailor, Anthony Vasey of Newlands Gent., Christopher Athie Gent., Thomas Morgan Gent., Thomas Trotter Gent., Tobias Barnes Gent., William Crooke Bailiff of the Lord Bishop there, Jon Grainge Greeve of the same town and John Markindale, Junior, and by special mandate of the Lord Bishop took of the Lord one parcel of Land of the waste of the Lord being at the East End of the Town of Wolsingham aforesaid, whereon to Build a Common free school and other necessary Buildings for teaching Boys in the Rudiments of learning and the Christian Religion and for making and inclosing a garden to adjoin the same containing in length fifty yards of land and in breadth sixteen yards of Land and also another parcel of Land extending itself from the same along on the west of the corn-fields of the said Town to and over the Water of the Wear towards the south extending . . . . Bellerside and lying on the west and north of the Water of Wear . . . . itself to the Bridge called Wear Bridge on the west containing by estimation sixteen Acres of Land called the Batts. To have to the said William Greenwell, Anthony Vasey, Christopher Athie, Thomas Morgan, Thomas Trotter, Tobias Barnes, William Crooke, John Grainge and John Markindale and their sequels in Right as a new Improvement to the Use and Intent that a new Grammar School in Wolsingham aforesaid and in the County of Durham may be build and a Master in the same to teach Boys in the Rudiments of the Christian Religion and Grammat in future—rendering therefore by the year to the sd. Lord Bishop and his successors five shillings and four pence of lawful money of England at the Feasts of Pentecost and St. Martin the Bishop in winter by equal portions as a new Rent—and doing to the Lord and the Neighbours those things which are accustomed by Pledges etc.—Provided always that whenever five of them, the aforesaid, William, Anthony, Christopher, Thomas, Thomas, Tobias, William, John and John Markindale shall happen to die or Depart from the Parish aforesaid then the remainder of those who shall happen to survive and dwell in the said Parish at the next Halmot Court to be held at Wolsingham aforesd, shall surrender the aforesd. Premises with the apurts and all their Right Estate Title Claim Interest and Demand which they have or which they or any of them then living and dwelling shall have to nine other honest and lawful Persons then residing in the Parish aforesd, by Copy of Court Roll to the use above mentioned provided also that the before mentioned nine honest and legal Persons of the Parish of Wolsingham aforesaid shall from Time to Time choose such Person to be Master of the Free School aforesaid as the Lord Bishop of Durham for the time being shall by Writing approve and confirm to be most fit for the same.

## **EXTRACTS FROM 'THE RECORDS OF WOLSINGHAM'**

I. The Thumb Screw used for punishing the Grammar School boys was in existence in 1871. It was attached to the north wall of the then schoolroom.

### **Recollections of My Youth (about 1800 A.D.)**

I am an old inhabitant and a native of the town of Wolsingham my memory serves me for more than half a century.

I was schooled at the Free Grammar School. I remember well the head master the Revd. Peter Ionn and a jolly old boy he was, a good man for all that, we liked him as most school boys like those that are set over them, to instruct and thrash them, for flogging was part of the masters privilege at the time I am speaking of, notwithstanding we had a capital school, 7 a.m. was the hour for school, mind before breakfast, that meal was almost swallowed hole as we only had from 8 to 9 allowed both for breakfast and play. We had no school bell or Church clock either, but a big lad or the assistant—The Usher I think we called him—cried out at the top of his voice 'All in' 'all in' when there was a general rush for the school door. Mind we were a strong force, 14 or 15 boarders, a score of pay and as many charity scholars, not a few nearly men. How unlike the present day with scarcely a dozen puny lads, and what a noise about National Education! Well, when we were all settled in our seats our Revd. Master, whom we had learnt to fear if not to love, took off his hat and we all down on our knees while he read prayers, which we all repeated 'SOTTO VOCE' after him.

We boys who had not got our tasks off had to stand behind the door as a punishment, which I am sorry to say was often the writer's lot, and so to the regular routine until twelve o'clock. How glad were we to hear our good master pronounce the welcome, cheering and gladdening word, to our empty stomachs (*Etiprandium*) whether it was Greek or Latin us low class chaps, could not tell, but we all translated it 'to to dinner', so off we set helter skelter.

As soon after dinner as possible we were again at our games until two o'clock—to think of our doings at those times it almost makes one get young again—what games at marbles what Tows were lost and won, at scrabs, hey what feats were played on both sides, what shins were broken, what bathing, how near drowning!

The breaking up of school at Christmas was an event leaving a lasting impression on my mind. On the afternoon of that blessed day we attended in our Sunday jackets and best corduroy trousers, some with two pence, some with three pence, and some even with sixpence in he said corduroy pockets. We clubbed all our money and

purchased ginger bread snaps and nuts. The sixpenny lads had some punch but we poorer fellows with the corduroy had only some warm ale. Our Revd. Master made a little speech, he hoped we would behave ourselves properly during the holidays, that he would be sorry to hear any complaints; we were to be sure to attend Church and always to bow our heads to gentlemen and especially to the Rector. You have holiday one month come monday 'Hip Hip Hurrah, Hip Hip Hurrah !'

The only drawback to my complete enjoyment of the holidays was my long long task 2nd Chapter of St. Luke 55 Verses the rules of Arithmetic and the catechism into the bargain. But a month and four days what a long time to look forward to, it will never end. Yes alas it did end and then away to school again but how different! As the Poet says,

With satchel on his back  
To school alas must pack  
And like a snail he creeps  
And for bloody Monday weeps.



## KING LEAR

WITH the rain lashing about our ears, the élite of the Upper Sixth, that is the English group left Wolsingham to see *King Lear* at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. There, was general concern when it appeared that we had mislaid a member of staff but this subsided as Mrs. Forster joined us at Crook.

The sun blazed down as we entered the theatre where we were informed that the play lasted three and a half hours—an hour longer than we had supposed. However, *King Lear* came as a pleasant surprise to those of us who had anticipated falling asleep before the end of Act one. In every respect this production of the Actors Company was excellent: the costumes, designed so as not to set the action in any definite period; the sets, a combination of huge structures of macrame knotting and appropriate lighting; the acting, particularly that of Goneril, Regan and the Fool being superb. Edmund and Edgar also provided a certain amount of interest for the ladies in our group. In brief, the production was magnificent.

Typically, we lost our 'bus, much to the chagrin of Mr. Boynes, but eventually we reached home in safety, and it was, of course, still raining.

*Ann Liivand, U.V.I.M.S.*

## THE SENIOR CHOIR

THIS year will be the first year there has been an article about the Senior Choir, in *The Phoenix*. The choir came into being in 1970, under the conductorship of Mr. Jones, and with Mr. Musgrave as our pianist.

Since then the choir has taken part in Concerts, Carol Services, and other school functions.

In November of last year, the choir gave a concert, with the Esh Winning Colliery Band, which was held in the Senior school hall. The concert was a mixture of both classical and popular music, coming from both band and choir. The concert included solo items from the band by Jeffrey Brown, and from the choir by Maureen Wise and Gillian Parkin. The concert raised over £40, out of which donations were given to, Age Concern, Wolsingham; Frosterley Village Hall Committee; and Stanhope Old People's Coal Fund.

Our next appearance was in the Annual Carol Service at the Parish Church, Wolsingham. Maureen Wise was to have sung again, but unfortunately she was ill, and Gillian Parkin stepped in and sang in her place. At the service we sang a mixture of modern and traditional carols, and there were the usual nine lessons of Christmas.

On Open Night this year, we plan to sing "Holy Moses" by C. Hazell, which is the story of Moses, set to popular music, in this there are quite a few soloists, coming from all the years in the senior school.

I hope the choir continues to flourish in the future, and I look forward to welcoming new members next year.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Musgrave for giving up their Thursday afternoons for us, and any other members of staff or pupils for their help during the year.

*Frances Ann Johnson, L.VI.M.S.*

## BASKETBALL REPORT

### Wolsingham

THE school ran two teams this year which both played in the Second Division of the Wear Valley League. After lying in third position at Christmas the senior team gradually slipped, to finish well down the table. After defeats in the Phoenix and Second Division cups the team had great hopes in the Robson cup. Unfortunately these were dashed when we were defeated after extra-time in the semi-final, by Wolsingham Imps.

J. Oswald was voted player of the year, and A. Goulden won the new Rix award for sportsmanship and endeavour throughout the season.

*S. Bell, L.VI.M.S.*

### School Tournaments

THE lunchtime basketball tournaments again proved very popular with players and spectators alike.

The senior competition was held during the Christmas term and the four semi-finalists from the leagues were: 5E/F, L.VI, U.VI.M.S. and the Staff. The Staff and U.VI.M.S. met in the final and to universal delight the staff were beaten.

The middle school competition for 3rd and 4th forms, proved to be much of a 'one horse race', with 4D dominating the scene.

On behalf of the players and spectators I would like to thank all the referees, the kitchen staff for supplying all the late lunches, and last, but not least, Mr. Donaghy, for organising both tournaments.

*M. Armstrong,  
Tournament Scorer.*

### **Wolsingham Imps**

THE Wolsingham Imps team was born at 4.30 a.m. on a Saturday morning after a sponsored 24-hour marathon Basketball match run by 4E/F, whose proceeds went to the Community Service programme.

The Imps, who joined the 2nd Division, of the Wear Valley League, proved to be a very good side, and eventually won the league, losing only one game in the process. We also won the League cup, and in the Phoenix cup we beat two 1st Division teams before losing to Diamonds in the semi-finals.

Revenge for this came in the Robson cup, when we beat Diamonds !

This win was definitely due to the special training of moving 3,000 bricks just an hour before the start !

We reached the final of the Handicap cup, but failed to beat Bishop Auckland St. John's, after giving them a 43 point start.

At the spectacular Annual Dinner at the end of the season, marble trophies were presented to T. Beaumont, M. Brown, T. Craggs, C. Donaghy, T. Eddy, M. Farrey, B. Hardy, R. Harrison, F. Stephenson, J. Stephenson and A. Wallace.

A special award for Imps player of the year, went to Michael Brown of 5E/F, and Mr. Donaghy won the league Free Throw Championship.

Finally on behalf of the pupils in the team, I wish to thank Mr. Farrey and Mr. Donaghy for their help and enthusiasm at the matches. There is also a special word of thanks to Messrs. Beaumont, Harrison and Stephenson for condescending to play with us and pass on the benefit of their experience.

*T. Craggs, 5E/F.*



Hotel BienKINSAPP LVIMS.

## CROSS COUNTRY

THIS years cross country was held in the Christmas term, the conditions were ideal for the event.

<i>First Form boys winner</i>	A. Harrison	(Moor)
<i>Junior boys winner</i>	J. Gallagher	(Fell)
<i>Intermediate boys winner</i>	T. Craggs	(Moor)
<i>Senior boys winner</i>	S. Holliday	(Moor)
The overall team result was	1st	Dale
	2nd	Moor
	3rd	Fell

The Area cross country was held at Durham Wearside School on Saturday, 19th January, 1974.

<i>First Form boys</i>	1st	A. Harrison
		They finished 3rd in the team events.
<i>Junior boys</i>	3rd	J. Gallagher
		They finished 6th in the team event.
<i>Intermediate boys</i>	1st	Trevor Craggs

On behalf of the school I would like to thank Mr. Heatherington and Mr. Farrey without whose help this would not have been possible.

*I. Rosethorn, L.VI.Sc.*

## ATHLETICS — Boys

SPORTS DAY was held on Wednesday, 22nd May in poor conditions which resulted in only one record being broken.

Boys One Pole Vault G. Morgan 1.80 metres

The following trophies were presented by Miss G. Holliday, former Senior Mistress at the Lower School

<i>House Trophy</i>	.	.	.	Moor	440 points
				Fell	355 points
				Dale	308 points
<i>Standards Shield</i>	.	.	.	Fell	
<i>Victor Ludorum</i>	.	.	.	Trevor Craggs	
<i>Philip Hume Memorial Cup</i>	.	.	.	M. Farrey/P. Surtees	
<i>First Form Champion</i>	.	.	.	A. Harrison	
<i>Junior Boys Champion</i>	.	.	.	J. Gallagher	
<i>Intermediate Champion</i>	.	.	.	T. Craggs	
<i>Senior Boys Champion</i>	.	.	.	I. Thompson	

## AREA SPORTS

The Area Sports were held on Monday, 20th May at Framwellgate Moor Comprehensive School when the following excellent results were obtained:-

<i>First Form</i>	High Jump	A. Harrison	1st	1.375 m (new area record)
<i>Junior Boys</i>	1500 m	K. Anderson	3rd	
	High Jump	B. Fowler	2nd	
	Discus	R. Craig	2nd	
	Shot	K. Brooksbank	2nd	
	Javelin	M. Errington	3rd	
	Pole Vault	P. Meakin	2nd	
<i>Intermediate Boys</i>	100 m	M. Prior	1st	11.7 secs. (Area record)
	1500 m	T. Craggs	1st	4m 32.6 s (new area record)
	1500 m	T. Craggs	1st	5m 04.6 s (new area record)
	Steeplechase			
	Javelin	N. Craggs	1st	
	Long Jump	P. Surtees	3rd	
	Triple Jump	P. Surtees	2nd	

Together with the Girls' results, the school won this competition with a total of 63 points.

#### COUNTY SPORTS

At the County Championships on Saturday, 8th June at Framwellgate Moor Comprehensive School the following results were obtained.

<i>Junior Boys</i>	Pole Vault	P. Meakin	1st	2.55 m (new school record)
<i>Intermediate Boys</i>	100 m	M. Prior	2nd	
	3000 m	T. Craggs	2nd	
	Javelin	N. Craggs	12th	
<i>Senior Boys</i>	Pole Vault	N. Meakin	2nd	
	1500 m	I. Rosethorn	7th	

Our thanks go to Mr. Farrey and Mr. Heatherington whose coaching and encouragement made these results possible.

*N. Meakin, L.V.I.Sc.*

## **ATHLETICS — Girls**

THE first event on the school athletics calendar was the Senior Girls Sports. These were held on the 15th May in glorious sunshine.

The next event was the Area Sports, held on Monday, 20th May; the following girls were chosen to compete for the Central Area in the County Athletics Championships on 8th June.

<i>Juniors</i>	200 m	Elizabeth Nicholson
	1500 m	Janice Pigford
<i>Intermediate</i>	1500 m	Gail Hodgson
	Hurdles	Susan Cottrell
	Shot	Corinne Gowland
	Javelin	Lynn Bainbridge
<i>Seniors</i>	200 m	Pamela Forster
	Discus,	Janet Elliott

Sports Day was held on the 22nd May, the weather was against the competitors once again, but the rain managed to hold off after lunch and spectators were kept entertained all afternoon with some very exciting events. At the end of the afternoon Miss G. Holliday, a former junior school head mistress, presented the trophies. The results were as follows:

<i>First Year Champion</i>	Sheila Towe	(Dale)
<i>Second Year Champion</i>	Ingrid Egle	(Dale)
<i>Third Year Champion</i>	Janine Walton	(Moor)
<i>Intermediate Champion</i> <i>and Victrix Ludorum</i>	Sylvia Arnison	(Dale)
<i>Senior Champion</i>	Susan Cottrell	(Moor)
	Christine Turnbull	(Moor)
<i>Standard Points</i>	Moor	536 points
	Dale	526 points
	Fell	524 points

On behalf of all the girls I would like to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Setz for all their help and encouragement.

*Pamela Forster, L.VI.M.S.*

## HOCKEY REPORT

THIS season has been successful for Wolsingham hockey teams. The Under-16 team retained the S.W. Durham tournament title, beating King James I School 2-0 in the semi-final and Leeholme 3-0 in the final. From their team I would like to congratulate Ann Mountain who was selected for County Under-16 coaching.

Unfortunately, bad weather and several cancellations resulted in the 1st XI playing only six matches against opposing schools, of which we won 3, drew 1, and lost 2.

Three matches were played against the boys this season, one against the U.VI which resulted in a 3-1 win for the 1st XI, and two against the L.VI who defeated us 3-0 and 5-0. The annual staff match was won by the staff 5-0.

The previous day, the day of the hockey tournament, for once had dawned fine and warm. Orange and crisps were on sale for the first year—an innovation welcomed by the players! In the final Christine Turnbull's team beat Ann Mountain's team 1-0.

The inter-house hockey matches were all closely fought, and Fell were victorious, followed closely by Dale and Moor.

Owing to the success of the Under-16 league team, this year hockey colours were awarded to its players as well as to those of the 1st XI. This resulted in many gaining their colours: Judith Mallaby, Pamela Forster, Catherine Maxwell, Julie Clark, Ann Mountain, Barbara Murrie, Lynn Bainbridge, Lynne Henderson, Corinne Gowland, Christine Jones, Joy White, Susan Cottrell and Linda Plater.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Bozonet, Mr. Rossall and all members of staff, who took practices, for their help, and to wish next year's 1st XI and Under-16 teams an enjoyable and successful season.

*Christine Turnbull  
(Hockey Captain)*

## TENNIS REPORT

UNFORTUNATELY, the senior tennis team was unlucky to be drawn against Blackfyne in both the Aberdare and Owen William's cups. We narrowly lost both matches, despite winning more games than Blackfyne in the Owen William's cup.

However, we are arranging friendly matches for later this term against St. Anne's Convent, Spennymoor and Durham Wearside. Another match we are looking forward to is a mixed doubles match against the staff, due to be played at the end of term.

The junior team has been more successful. They beat Blackfyne in the first round of the South Shields Shield, but lost to Durham High in the quarter final. Many junior players are attending the Green Shield coaching held after school each Friday.

I would like to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Setz for their help throughout the season, and to wish next year's teams a successful season.

*Christine Turnbull  
(Tennis Captain)*

## CROSS COUNTRY — Girls

OUR annual girls' cross country was held during the Christmas term. The many competitors who participated were fortunate in having reasonably good weather for their event.

### Results:

#### FIRST FORM

1st	Verena Woodhall
2nd	Jane Walton
3rd	Diane Oliver

#### *House Points*

1st	Fell	562 points
2nd	Moor	594 points
3rd	Dale	684 points

#### JUNIORS

1st	Janice Pigford
2nd	Elizabeth Nicholson
3rd	Susan Wilthew

#### *House Points*

1st	Moor	543 points
2nd	Dale	604 points
3rd	Fell	704 points

#### INTERMEDIATES

1st	Gail Hodgson
2nd	Susan Cottrell
3rd	Sheila Gray

#### *House Points*

1st	Fell	460 points
2nd	Moor	573 points
3rd	Dale	831 points

#### SENIORS

1st	Linda Cottle
2nd	Hilary Dunn
3rd	June Peart

#### *House Positions*

1st	Moor
2nd	Dale
3rd	Fell

#### TOTALS

1st	Moor	1,710 points
2nd	Fell	1,726 points
3rd	Dale	2,119 points

On Saturday, 24th November, Darlington Harriers held their annual cross country. Gail Hodgson, despite very windy conditions, did extremely well, finishing third in the Senior grouping and receiving an award for her efforts.

The area cross country was held in January at Durham Wearside. At this level all three teams were successful, the first year team finished overall fourth, the junior team overall third and the intermediate girls' team won their section.

Four Wolsingham pupils were selected to run for Durham Central Area in the County Cross Country held at Hartlepool on February 2nd. These were Ingrid Egle (Junior), Gail Hodgson (Intermediate) Susan Cottrell (Intermediate), and Helen Blenkinsopp (Intermediate). These all ran very well indeed.

On behalf of the school I would like to thank Mrs. Beveridge, Mrs. Bozonet and all other members of staff who forfeit their valuable time to help on these occasions. Allied with these sentiments a special mention must be made of Mrs. Buckle's welcome return to the school and no doubt we will all benefit once again from her expertise in the coming year.

*Linda Cottle, L.VI.Sc.*

## **SENIOR XI SOCCER**

THE senior football side played with great enthusiasm this season but obtained mediocre results. From the 17 games played, 7 were won, 3 drawn, and 7 lost, and the team cleverly managed to score 45 goals and concede 45 goals. The leading scorers were Peter Armstrong, John Turner, Tom Rowney, and Steven Holliday.

The rest of the team was composed of M. Dewell, M. Hogarth, S. Gent, I. Rosethorn, I. Carlton, N. Hayton, R. Rodiss (who we thank for arranging the fixtures as secretary), S. Manifold, I. Thompson, B. Rundle and P. Smith.

Unfortunately, in the Cup Competitions we failed to get further than the second round, losing unluckily in the first round of the Albert Knox trophy to St. Francis, Hartlepool, by a single goal, and in the Senior Schools Cup we went down to Bede, Sunderland by 3-1 after a rousing first round tie, in which we 'hammered' Tanfield by 7 goals to 1. Furthermore we gained a little revenge over our old rivals Hookergate by 2-0 and by our disposal of Bishop Auckland Tech. team by scoring 16 goals against them in our two matches we played with them.

Finally, the team was helped immensely by the new management Mr. Walters, and our thanks go to Mr. Heatherington and Mr. Farrey for their help and co-operation during the season.

*T. Rowney (Captain).*

## **UNDER 16's SOCCER**

THE Under-16's had a reasonable season. We started the season poorly but we remained unbeaten from January until the end of the season.

In all games our record was: Played 18, Won 7, Drew 3, Lost 8, Scored 40 goals and had 39 goals scored against us.

The goal scorers were B. Coughtrey 15, M. Prior 7, A. Candler 5, S. Crampsie 4, P. Surtees 4, I. Seymour 2, D. Frame 2 and B. Bowman 1.

During the season our goalkeeper, Brian Rundle, was selected to play for the district Under-16's team.

On behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr. Walker and Mr. Heatherington for refereeing and organising the games.

*Norman Emerson, 5A.*

## **UNDER 15's SOCCER**

THE Under 15's had an average season winning 9 and drawing 3 of their 17 matches. In the league they gained 4th position making up for the flops in the cup, in which they never passed the 2nd round. The two best results were a 10-0 thrashing of Hunwick in the 1st round of the White Cup and an 8-0 thrashing of Leeholme in the league.

Through the season they scored 50 goals and conceded only 17. The scorers were: Smith (8), Abbot (6), Fowler (6), Seymour (6), Frame (5), Appleby (2), Leighton (2), Hardy (3), Dunn (2), Sewell (2), Own Goals (2), Brown (1), and Storey (1).

Although the team had an average season they supplied the Bishop Auckland District team with three regular players (Fowler, Frame and Seymour) and three substitutes (Hardy, Leighton and Sewell) who all helped in winning the Sunderland Children's Hospital Cup for the district team.

Finally on behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr. Heatherington, without whose help and encouragement none of these games could have been possible.

*Ian Seymour, 4C.*

## BADMINTON

THE standard of badminton at Wolsingham during the past year has improved a great deal. This was clearly shown by Wolsingham's win over our old rivals, Tanfield Secondary School. In previous years Tanfield have tended to win this match but on this occasion revenge was gained in a closely fought match (9-7).

The school was also concerned in the Under-19, Under-16 and Under-15 County tournaments. The results improved as the season went on. The best results being in the Under-15 tournament, with more people qualifying for the finals from Wolsingham than from any other school in the county. Sandra Arnison and Sylvia Arnison were narrowly beaten in the final of the Girls' doubles.

More people in the school are interested in badminton than ever before. The coaching classes were held on Monday and Wednesday nights at the senior school and every lunch-time at the junior school.

I would like to thank on behalf of all those who played badminton, Mr. Robley and Mr. Smith for their help and generous advice without which the badminton would not have been a success.

*Jeffrey Brown, 4A.*

## CHANGES

TUESDAY, April 16th dawned and Stanhope Rectory bustled with activity, for the family was leaving this northern outpost of Stanhope and moving south to Great Somerford in Wiltshire. This small village had recently achieved fame because the son of the occupants of Mount House had married Princess Anne. The removal vans arrived, the furniture was packed; our old rectory now seemed so vast, so empty, so desolate.

On arriving at my new home I was amazed at the size of the house and the gardens. We all looked somewhat grimly around, trying to decide where our furniture would look at its best. But first of all we had to remove numerous cobwebs and rubbish which had accumulated over the six months since the previous family had left. Still, after a few strenuous hours the furniture was installed so that the place looked habitable.

The new term had begun on the Wednesday but I did not attend the Chippenham Comprehensive school until the Friday—after cycling two miles to the nearest bus stop. After numerous forms had been signed I was eventually informed that my studies could begin on the Monday. The school sprawled over extensive grounds—it all seemed so different from the compact, functional building of Wolsingham. The sixth form, of which I am a member, wears no particular uniform. It is divided into tutor groups of which there are about ten. To be told I had a Scottish accent instead of the beautiful Weardale pronunciation was quite an insult. I discovered

that the teaching methods are quite different; for example, no notes are given in any subject; students are left to make their own. I could work, or not work. The decision was mine, but I missed the familiar guidance to which I had grown accustomed. The sixth form, too, is separate from the rest of the school for we are accommodated in a large old manor house that is sited on an eminence overlooking the school fields. Lunch, with a choice of menu, is served on the cafeteria principle.

The headmaster has ordained that sixth formers should have lessons outside their 'A' level courses. These form Liberal Studies and are a series of lectures given by different speakers, some from the three major political parties, Royal Air Force personnel and Lord Weymouth of Longleat (the hippy!).

What a change it has been! I seem to have been so suddenly transported from one environment to another. They are both rural, but with this great difference. No flocks of sheep graze peacefully here; for those the only area is Salisbury Plain. Instead we have horses, horse shows, horse-jumping. And then, as the whole of Wiltshire is dotted with RAF stations, air displays are so frequent.

I suppose change is inevitable. I am still adjusting to the marked differences between Stanhope and Great Somerford. I wish you all at Wolsingham the very best of luck.

*Catherine Maxwell, Ex-L.VI.M.S.*

## **AN UNUSUAL FAMILY**

At one stage in language study you have to learn the names of the various members of the family. No doubt you recall your list of le pere, le mere, etc. The following is taken from a newspaper in a certain European language:

Near the body of a suicide this letter was found:

"No-one is to blame for my death. I was unlucky enough to marry a widow; I shouldn't have done it, for she had a daughter. My father, unfortunately, was a widower, and he fell in love with and married the daughter of my wife, so that my wife became the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, my stepdaughter became my mother, and my father was at the same time my son-in-law. After a short time my wife had a little boy, who, as brother of my mother, was the brother-in-law of my father, and uncle of his son; my wife became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. I, on the other hand, am father to my mother, and my father and his wife are my children. My father and my sons are brothers, my wife is my grandmother; furthermore I am my own grandfather. I say farewell to the world because I no longer know who I am . . ."

*S.H.*

*A PLEDGE FROM THE PAST*

Can't you leave the old man's ghost  
To lie amidst the ruins of his sin ?  
Beneath the rubble of the City  
Once Glorious  
Victorious  
Berlin ?

In good faith  
He acted out his tragedy  
To bring respect to his people  
To bring them peace, prosperity.  
To stop the country's mangling  
By the imperial powers of yesterday.  
To create a new horizon  
A new impetus in living.  
A new today.

Russian legionaires  
Tramp the streets you once ruled,  
Idiot people mourn the graves  
Of old politicians you once fooled.  
Your name brings only fear  
They forgot the good you once did,  
No one mourns you, broken hero.  
How lonely your despair.

While the rain pours down  
I walk the street in search of you.  
A ghost cries vainly  
From the Glorious Ninth  
And old torn copies of  
'Volkischer Beobachter',  
And on the sidewalk  
    I thought  
    I saw  
The figure of an old man  
Hurrying through the shadows  
In a white raincoat  
And an odd moustache.

One day, proud leader,  
The trumpets will sound once more  
To build a new dream.  
We will march to war.  
The six lined cross will  
Dominate the skies of Europe  
At a sweep of your hand  
Quibbling Europe will fall  
To obey your every command.  
Someday fate will come to justice  
She'll resurrect you. She will call.

Never be tireless  
Imbecile democrats  
We don't obey the law.  
Never rest  
stupid victors.  
The vanquished will rise  
from the dust once more.

*Anonymous.*

*MY HEART SINKS DOWN WHEN I BEHOLD*  
*(with apologies to William Wordsworth)*

My heart sinks down when I behold  
Man's wantonness on Earth;  
She was not thus when life began;  
Look how she is now I am Man;  
How shall she be when I grow old ?

Destruction, dearth ?  
The Earth is mother of the man;  
Yet I could wish the child to be  
More thankful for her natural piety.

*Colin Allen, L.VI.M.S.*

### *SATAN'S CHILD*

God gave me to the Devil  
God gave me to sin  
In the twilight hours of midnight  
I knock at the doors of heaven  
But he never lets me in.

I am a slave to Satan  
I'm the sentinel of doom  
I am the angel that  
    wears black leather,  
I am shrieking laughter  
    the dust within the tomb.

I am the madman  
    roaming the dark streets.  
I am the axe  
    your tender neck meets.  
I am the rainstorm  
    that blocks out the sunlight.  
I am the god  
    who hides in the limelight.

For years I've wandered through the stars  
Wondering what to do.  
Well now I've touched down;  
I've gone wild, I'm Satan's Child;  
    and I'll utterly destroy you.

*Anonymous.*

### *CHINCHILLA*

When they catch a chinchilla in Chile,  
They cut off its beard, willy-nilly;  
With a small razor blade,  
Just to say that they've made,  
A Chilean chinchilla's chin chilly.

*Stephen Richmond, 4A.*

### *DOG-TYPE THOUGHTS*

Pollyfiller's fine to eat,  
(if there's nothing better)  
Turns a Springer Spaniel  
Into a hardened Setter.

Digging holes in council walls  
Doesn't seem a sin.  
But when they're walls of a council house  
The rent man can't come in.

Purses full of money  
Take a lot of chewing.  
But when you eat the banker's card  
Then there's trouble brewing.

Squeezy mops taste very nice  
'Till the spongey bit —  
Then you have to concentrate  
To manage all of it.

Take a drink of water  
After eating that —  
Makes a little puppy  
Quickly, very fat !

A slice of bread—of course it's stale—  
Is such a lovely treat.  
Makes a change from biscuits,  
Bones and 'friendly' meat.

One year old on D Day—  
What a claim to fame !  
It's only now I realise  
How I got my name.

A sporting dog is what I am—  
A gun-dog so they tell me.  
I'd better try to prove it soon  
They just might try to sell me.

Friends say I'm getting calmer  
As I'm growing up.  
Oh, to be a Peter Pan —  
I'd love to stay a Pup.

*'M'*

### *MOON CAT*

He stalks,  
He walks,  
He creeps,  
He leaps,  
Motionless he sits and waits,  
Crouching, silently like a cold, grey stone.

Never a twitch,  
There he will sit, for hours on end,  
Until the sun 'kills' the moon,  
Then home, to the garden gate,  
Until darkness rises again,

For he is 'Scratch' the cat with  
A moonlit eye.

*Linda Appleby.*

### *THESE I HAVE LOVED*

To hear the lambs bleating in the Spring's clear sun.  
And to take a trip to the sea and smell the bracing salty air.  
To see the waves rippling over the beach  
Causing shallow channels of water.  
And to run my hand through the soft, dry sand.  
I like to see the clear blue sky and hear the cry of the seagulls,  
Smell the delicious aroma of newly baked bread,  
Observe the newly-laid blanket of snow.  
And the icy sharpness of a fast-moving stream.  
I love the sensation of speed,  
To feel the wind streaming through my hair.  
The smell of fire and the smoothness of a rose.  
And the light, white softness of soapy suds.

*Sheila Deans, 4C.*

## **ORDEAL**

ONE day during the Christmas term of 1973 a fellow fool and I faced the terrifying ordeal of presenting our maiden speeches at a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society.

Standing outside the Drawing Office, where the debate was to be held, Christine Robson and I spent a trembling, nail-biting, knee-knocking ten minutes, consoling each other in declaring that it would all be over soon. Then, at last, the door opened and we entered, our speeches screwed up into grubby balls of paper in our sweating palms.

Whilst the first speaker delivered her address in a manner so admirable, so persuasive, so confident the two nervous wrecks opposing the motion fidgeted, shuffled and tried desperately to note those points where we would attack. But all too quickly the awful moment came for me to stand up (it seemed impossible to do so on my quivering limbs) and speak. I can vaguely remember glancing around this vast room, confronting a mass of indistinguishable faces. What mental agony! What sheer blind nervousness! What seemingly silly faltering words I mouthed. Hallelujah! What relief when I had stumbled to the end of my speech!

But more torture was to come! When the platform speakers had finished and the debate was thrown open to the floor, those super-confident, scintillating sixth-formers plied their questions and almost sadistically twisted argument and counter-argument in sheer enjoyment of their undoubted and redoubtable debating skill. I can only express the sincere hope that our answers were not so stupid but we must be excused—it was our first attempt. Next time, if there ever is a next time, perhaps we will be more relaxed and controlled.

Our performance entitled us to invitations to the Society's Annual Dinner. (Could this be why we agreed to speak?). And we both enjoyed ourselves. (May we go again next year?)

*Hilary Smith, 4A.*

## *OUR HAPPINESS ISLAND*

In January, when the snow was falling,  
And the sky was dark,  
And everything and everyone was miserable,  
We left for our Happiness Island.  
"The Jewel of the Mediterranean" they call it,  
And, to us, it is !  
Sun-kissed and beautiful, we named it  
"Happiness Island."  
By day, we contentedly lay in the sun, or  
Dashed hectically around, seeing all there was to see.  
We were carefree, wild, and  
Full of a great sense of freedom.  
We raced round bay after bay in speed-boats,  
And shopped for souvenirs along quaint side streets.  
Then there was the day spent at Marsa Race Course !  
By night, the Island shone, in a subdued way,  
But being even more beautiful, as an air of  
Subtlety and romance surrounded it;  
And we walked along the star-speckled beaches,  
Loving the touch of the silk-like sands  
Beneath our bare feet;  
We dined in exotic restaurants,  
Danced to beautiful music,  
But, best of all, we were completely happy.  
Happy as never before.  
And now, four months later,  
We long for our Happiness Island,  
For our life of gaiety,  
And we yearn to be there.  
We want to feel the burning sun on our backs again,  
And hear the sounds of Maltese voices.  
We want to wine, dine and dance again,  
And be happy.  
So,  
Next January, when the snow is falling  
And everything and everyone is miserable,  
We will go,  
To our Happiness Island . . .

*by Lynda Rowney, 5C.  
and Anne Peart, L.VI.M.S.*

### *THE TRAIN*

Here I am,  
Long and thin.  
My driver has to stand well in.  
Hold on tight  
Or you'll get a fright.  
Off we go with a spluttering, puffing start.  
Faster, faster !  
How proud I am !  
I'm pulling five carriages  
With people in !  
Business people, holiday people, children,  
Adults, dogs and cats !  
All of these things are in my carriages, and,  
Oh ! What a proud thing I really am !

Station up ahead, stop, stop, stop, STOP !  
What a disgrace !  
First time, see !  
Someone had to miss the station,  
And d'you know what ?  
It was me !  
I've missed the station,  
Tut, tut, tut !  
All of the big trains have  
Never missed one yet.  
My eyes are playing tricks on me,  
I've never seen anything  
Like it before.  
Everything, including my doors  
Are all jammed tight.  
Tut, tut, tut,  
All of the big trains have  
Never done anything like it yet.

*Susan Stallard, IV.*

### *NOT EVEN A TITLE*

The paper lies on the desk,  
White, lonely and bereft of words,  
Words of meaning and quality;  
I search for them, but in vain,  
My thoughts wander to the world of fantasy,  
To the world of love . . .  
Through these I hope to derive spontaneity  
Again in vain.

The long road from my mind to the paper  
Is guarded by frustration.  
It refuses to let those words flow into sentences,  
Those sentences into a story.  
I shall try again tomorrow.

*Susan Calvert, 2A.*

### *LEAVES IN AUTUMN*

The boughs of deepest ebony,  
The leaves as red as the setting sun,  
The grass no longer dewy green,  
A coverlet of crackling, crisp, brown leaves.

Suddenly the action changes!  
The leaves come whizzing down,  
Rotating round in dizzy circles  
In a break-neck race.

The wind swirls rampaging round,  
Whistling through the leaves.  
The sound of distant thunder rolls,  
The trees bend to the push of the wind.

Puffing down the tree—  
Puffing down the leaves—  
Puffing branch from branch, limb from limb  
In an ever onward battle  
In agony the ebony boughs  
Break and groan in horror.  
Leaves are torn from their sockets,  
And shot down to the smothered ground.

Then, as suddenly as it came  
The wind's howl subsides.  
The falling blanket thins.

*Susan Patterson, 1R.*

## SCHOOL VOICES

I can hear,  
The scraping of chairs,  
The whispering voices,  
The clashing of rulers,  
And the distant voices.

I hear banging of desk lids  
And the thumping of books,  
Then a sudden gust of wind,  
And then back to the chatter,  
And the flicking of pens.

A cough, a groan, a sigh,  
Broken by a shouting voice,  
The grating of chairs,  
A ruler falls on the floor,  
Silence, the teacher enters.

Now I hear the flick of pages,  
A creak of a chair,  
The tapping of feet,  
Then the teacher breaks the silence.

Now back to the shuffle of feet,  
And the muttering voices,

*Paul Richardson, 4C.*

## TIME

Fleet of foot, lighter than falling snow,  
Time goes skipping by,  
And if you listen you will hear the plaintive cry of  
"Wait for me", from a million lonely souls,  
To whom time has been a catalyst,  
Ageing them before they knew,  
Now they look back on all they had meant to do, but left undone,  
And so, a warning,  
Move, and live,  
Don't let time catch up.

*Carole Milburn, 5D.*

## THE TRUE EXPLOITS OF THE AWESOME FOURSOME

*or What the L.VI do when there is a Full Moon*

REELING unsteadily out of one of Wolsingham's less reputable establishments, the Awesome Foursome tottered along the tortuous and terrifying track towards total tranquillity, (i.e. gannin' yhem). The gaudy garb of the garrulous group glistened in the ghastly gas-light, (Gas! ? In Wolsingham?) as they, cackling curiously with their cask of cognac, crawled cautiously towards the creek (minus paddle) and congered (i.e. step, step, step, hop, step, step, step, hop, ad infinitesimal) for convenient quickness.

"We must do this more often", said one.

"Often but not frequently", said the second.

"Infrequently but more often than not", said the third.

"Hic!" said the fourth.

*Author's note:* In less inebriated circumstances this would have been expressed more rhetorically as, "Eh?").

Detouring dexterously from their determined destination, they decided to dance dangerously down the darkened drive to the deserted dwelling where occasionally, not to mention from time to time, stupified scholars stutter and stammer studiously. Unable to face the edifice in front of them, the Awesome Foursome adroitly approached the auspicious auditorium of aquatic activities, (fortunately still devoid of water as no paddle had as yet been procured). The first, forgetful of this fact, forged fearlessly forward into the fissure, and fell in.

"Come on in; the water's lovely", said the first.

"I can't swim", said the second.

"Don't worry, the fall will kill you", said the third.

"Ich!" said the fourth for variety.

Barging blunderously from the baths, they beckoned a belligerent Darlington-bound cab-driver and begged to be brought back to their humble abodes. (For obvious reasons addresses have been omitted, but telephone numbers are available on request).

These revelations were recorded by:

Miss Sterious	Miss Stuck.
Miss Steak	Miss Seltroe.

## FIFTY YEARS BACK — from 'The Phoenix' 1924

REJOICE! At last the girls are allowed to wear panamas. There was a time when the percentage of summer hats worn in the summer term was about .5, which is equivalent to one with its brim broken, but that time is no more. Again we say — Rejoice!

\*       \*       \*

The Headmaster has organised a school party to go to the British Empire Exhibition. The time fixed is the 26th to the 30th May. Needless to say, all the pupils are very enthusiastic.

\*       \*       \*

Wembley 1924. We arrived a little late to be sure, but all the same we arrived, which is the main fact. We had tea at the hostel where we took up our abode, and then — the Exhibition.

In the Government Pavilion are different scenes of the Great War, a relief map of the world showing trade routes, a map of England showing trade routes, and the air service between England and France. In this building we saw a working model of the attack upon Zeebrugge. Afterwards, after a short time in the Amusements Park, we returned to the hostel. Here the great attraction was the tuck-shop, and we can safely say that if there were only one pupil at the hostel, there would be one pupil at the tuck-shop.

\*       \*       \*

The Piggies who stayed at home.

Wembley week was looked forward to with equally as much pleasure by those who remained at school as by those who were lucky enough to visit the Exhibition.

We expected to have an enjoyable time and our expectations were more than realised. Lessons for a great part were in the form of walks, sketching and historical excursions, during which the staff were particularly lenient and took a mild view of any little offence. We all think that it was a fine idea to organise these expeditions.

Several lantern lectures, kindly arranged by Mr. Witter, were also given showing pictures of various places of interest in Paris; and there were French debates and dramatic performances.

We render our heartiest thanks to the Staff, who did their utmost to make up for the disappointment of those who were not lucky enough to go to Wembley.

~~Yield Line~~ Van Horn  
John Deere  
Michael Penn  
~~Malcolm~~ ~~Ellwood~~ Lough  
Richard Lee  
J. Stockdale ~~Done~~ ~~Perry~~  
Henderson  
~~Young~~ ~~Bryant~~ ~~Conrad~~  
Larry Watson ~~False Myee~~  
Tim Schaefer  
~~leday~~ ~~Hartson~~  
Toddy ~~on top very~~  
Eileen Masterton